

ONCE TRACK WALKER, NOW GREAT LAWYER

The Career of Martin W. Littleton

Selected as Leading Counsel for Harry K. Thaw, It Is Predicted That District Attorney Jerome Will Find in Him a Worthy Opponent at Coming Trial.

New York.—It was back in 1888 when the following dialogue took place between the foreman of a little railroad in Texas and a rosy-cheeked, smiling young trackwalker whose good nature and ready tongue had earned him a reputation extending clear across a Texas township.

"You're a pretty bright young man," said the foreman. "I suppose some day you expect to be the conductor of a freight train, don't you?"

"No, sir," replied the trackwalker, "I never expect to be that."

"You don't? You ought to aspire to something like that. What do you hope to be?"

"I expect to be a big lawyer in New York city."

After the foreman had recovered from his laughter he said:

"Pretty far cry from trackwalker to a metropolitan lawyer, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, but no farther than from a splitter to president."

Martin W. Littleton was the rosy-cheeked trackwalker. A few years later when the whole country was raving with his speech at the St. Louis national convention in which he nominated Alton B. Parker for the presidency, Mr. Littleton went back to his old corner of Texas, and met the railroad foreman who had sketched out for him the brilliant future of a freight conductor.

Part of Ambition Realized.

"Well, Martin," said the foreman, "you've changed some since I was your boss, ain't you?"

"I'm older."

"And you're a big New York lawyer, too, ain't you?"

"Well, I don't know about the 'big,' but I'm a New York lawyer, anyhow."

It probably caused some talk down in Texas, when it was learned that

that Littleton went to Weatherford. He was born in a log cabin in Roane county, in the eastern part of Tennessee, 35 years ago last January, and when just a youngster was taken by his father to Weatherford. After a stay of a few years there the elder Littleton decided to move back to Tennessee, but the son, then under 16 years of age, declined to accompany him. He preferred Texas. Even at that tender age he had begun to dream of a life in New York city. The idea of studying law hadn't occurred to him, but he was determined to get in the "midst of things" and to make his way at something.

Worked and Studied Law.

Dependent on his own efforts after his father moved back to Tennessee he did odd jobs about Weatherford for a time and then, for want of something to do, obtained a job as trackwalker. It wasn't the sort of work he preferred, but he wasn't particular and he stuck to it for several months. It was during this servitude that ambition to become a lawyer seized him. His ready wit and his ability to say things better than the other men on the road caused some of his associates to suggest the law to him.

By way of shortening his path somewhat to his chosen field he left the railroad and got a job as "devil" in the office of the Park County News, which was published in Weatherford. He didn't like ink and pressroom etiquette, so after a short term here he got a job as baker's helper. Mixing dough and reading law didn't prove as delightful a combination as he had hoped and he resumed his old job of trackwalker because it gave him plenty of time to study nights and to think about his studies during the daytime.

practice he hung out his shingle in Weatherford, and forthwith he began to win cases in the local courts. The suavity of manner that distinguished him proved to be one of his chief assets, and the quick wit which gives him advantage over his opponents at the present time aided him then in defeating his older adversaries. Two years in Weatherford put him at the head of the profession there, despite the fact that he was still a beardless youth who had cast but one vote.

Bright Career in Dallas.

Dallas was the scene of his next endeavors. He was unheralded, but it was only a short time before he became recognized as a lawyer of ability and boundless ambition. In two years he became assistant district attorney, and in that capacity he made a reputation as a prosecutor which extended pretty well all over Texas. His grasp of criminal law was described as remarkable and his handling of a jury was said to be little short of marvelous. There was just enough of the old southern fire in his oratory to make juries bow before him.

During his career in Dallas he was constantly fondling his ambition to come to New York. He had never been east of the Texas line since his father had moved over from Tennessee, and he had never met more than a half dozen men from the metropolis. But he had read of it and dreamed of it and he was determined to make a clean jump across the continent as soon as he could scrape together enough money to pay the expenses of himself and—of Mrs. Littleton.

Winning a Wife.

There wasn't any Mrs. Littleton at that time, but he was determined there should be. It has been said that the greatest oratorical effort of his life was that put forth when he induced his wife to marry him, give up her luxurious home in Texas, and come to New York with him. He had made a splendid success as a lawyer, but had little money; he had no friends in New York, and not even a suggestion that he might obtain work. Mr. and Mrs. Littleton, nevertheless, bade good-bye to Dallas in 1896 and a short time later arrived in the city, which the youthful bridegroom—he was then but 21 years old—had dreamed of conquering.

The young lawyer, despite his Texas accents, did not make the strides here he had made in the southwest, but he was neither surprised nor disappointed. He sought work in the offices of various lawyers and finally obtained a position with the firm of Peck & Field. Later he found a place with Sheehan & Collins. Still later he became attorney for the Brooklyn Heights Railway company, and it was while there that his star began to rise. He attracted attention in the

fact, which led to his selection as the man to nominate Alton B. Parker for the presidency at the St. Louis convention of 1904. William F. Sheehan heard his Academy of Music speech, and in looking for some one to make the supreme effort at the St. Louis convention he suggested Littleton.

Studied Address Carefully.

It is not necessary to recall the sensation caused by Mr. Littleton's speech in St. Louis, but it is interesting to recall the preparation made for the address. Unlike most orators, Mr. Littleton does not profess to be an impromptu speaker. He can make an impromptu speech, but he never does so if he can help it. He prepares his sentences with great care and then commits them to memory. In fact, he does not have to put forth any effort to memorize them. When he has written a speech he has learned it. He can repeat it with practically no variation.

He prepared his St. Louis speech weeks ahead of time. He rehearsed it at home, and when he needed a larger place in which to train his voice he went out to the cathedral in Garden City and practiced for hours. After he reached St. Louis he went to the convention hall one Sunday afternoon, and in the presence of two or three of his friends went through the speech two or three times to get the proper pitch for his voice. His oration created a sensation and put him instantly in the front rank of American orators.

Never a Seeker for Office.

Although possessing the attributes of a successful politician and having political ambitions, Mr. Littleton has not been a seeker for office. He was permanent chairman of the Democratic state convention in 1902 and was borough president of Brooklyn in 1904 and 1905. He was urged to accept a renomination for borough president, but he declined. He had two reasons for doing so. One was that he wanted to leave the office before he had been criticized; the other was that he was, as he publicly expressed it at the time, "unable to make both ends meet."

He retired from public life to build up a law practice, and he has been busily engaged in doing so ever since. He left Brooklyn a couple of years ago and set up in Manhattan, and he has been prominently before the public since in his legal capacity. In the matter of earnings he is said to rank with the leading lawyers of the city.

Not yet 36 years of age, he may truthfully be said to have a glowing future, and his close friends intimate that it will not be alone in the field of law. After he has accumulated a comfortable fortune it is said he may seek again to re-enter public life.

Younger by many years than any

The Doctor's Case

By Minnie W. Baines-Miller

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The spring had been miasmatic, and all the portents prophesied an unhealthy summer; but notwithstanding these facts, "the times were out of joint" with Dr. Bruce Pendleton. His diploma, embellished with plate glass and gilt molding, stared dumbly from the wall of his office, with nobody to read it. His smart-looking sign, on which the paint was fresh and the gold leaf very new, volunteered to pilot an invalid populace to the spot where he dealt out tablets, powders and tinctures, vainly entreating them to "turn in hither" and be saved. For, in spite of its persuasions, when teething babies went into spasms, small boys had green-apple colic, or despondent adults took Rough on Rats or Paris green, the messenger in search of a medical Samaritan, like the priest and Levite, passed by on the other side.

Under the circumstances, it is not at all to be wondered at that Dr. Pendleton fell behind in his rent; that his landlady gave him cold shoulder with cold coffee at breakfast, because of an unpaid board bill, and that polite but pressing duns formed the nucleus of his mail.

One day, when his creditors were more exigent than usual, it occurred to him that he would go down to Litchfield, a green country hollow among the hills, and pay his respects to his Aunt Penelope.

During his college course and the struggle with short rations incident to his medical curriculum, she had "put up" for him time and again, always assuring him that this was the very last time she should do so. But what soft-hearted old lady, susceptible to the titillations of tender flattery, could withstand the compliments, insinuating and clever, of a silver-tongued youth in whose favor her affections were enlisted?

He would go and see, and reconquer his Aunt Penelope.

Not a bad place to go into retreat for awhile; not at all bad. This was his thought as he lifted the old-fashioned knocker. Dr. Pendleton had, until this moment, almost forgotten the existence of Dorla Hadley—his "Cousin Dorla," he had used to call her, who answered his knock. She was the orphaned daughter of one of Miss Penelope Stannard's early friends, and had been raised by Miss Stannard as her own child would have been, had she ever been a wife and mother.

Ten years ago, Dorla had given no promise of beauty, but here she was now, with a color on her cheek, a light in her eye, a grace of contour and charm of expression that went through the doctor's ready sensibilities with a shock like the galvanic current of his own electric battery. And the air of her! It had the unconscious dignity of a Juno or Diana. What a stunner she was!

Before he had a chance to say a word, Miss Stannard came and stared at the intruder for a moment before exclaiming in astonishment:

"I declare to goodness if it isn't Bruce!"

Aunt Penelope was duly embraced, the doctor and his grip-sacks taken in, and the hired girl—for Litchfield knew no "maids"—and the fatted fowl immediately had differences to be settled. Meanwhile the aunt and nephew talked.

"Still raveling your web by night, Aunt Penelope? Still keeping the 'sutor crew' in uncertainty? You look as young as you ever did, and are just as much of a beauty."

Miss Stannard shook her head and sighed a little.

"No, Bruce; the infirmities of the flesh are foes to good looks."

"Infirmities? I believe you could enter as contestant at an Olympian race and come out winner, this very minute."

"No, Bruce," still more energetically. "My sleep is poor and I have little appetite; that isn't the worst of it, either, for I have a terrible case of the blues. I had about made up my mind to call in Dr. Somerset and get a prescription."

The young man sniffed contemptuously.

"Somerset? He'd have given you blue mass or jalap, and bled and blistered you in true antediluvian style. There's been a renaissance in the art of healing since his day. Why, he hasn't yet admitted the existence of the microbe, and swears bacteriology is all gammon. I've heard him talk. How fortunate I came in time to save you from his tender mercies."

And then Dr. Pendleton's finger was on the old lady's pulse; he was inspecting her tongue, and auscultated her heart by placing his ear lightly above it. Meanwhile, having no more idea than the man in the moon as to her ailment, his shrewd glance had detected a few tiny pimples on her soft old wrist. Blood out of order, concluded he.

But, having a point to carry, he kept his own counsel, and did not, therefore, declare the nature of the case. He remembered the maxim: "All's fair in love and war," and added to it, "and when you're down on your luck."

Miss Stannard was startled by his professional movements.

"Is—is it anything serious?" faltered she.

He looked at her tentatively for a moment. "You must not be alarmed," said he.

"N-n-o," she quavered faintly. "For really, there is no occasion. But I find reason for believing, without the shadow of a doubt that there is at present in your blood a substance called haemoglobin."

Aunt Penelope gave a gasp. "And this, with other constituents forming the corpuscles, is now floating in a colorless liquid called 'plasma'—This sounded terribly like miasma, and Miss Stannard groaned. "This plasma gives your blood a watery consistency and contains some albuminous substances called fibrin and fibrinogen."

"Oh, Bruce, this is awful," cried his aunt.

"Not necessarily—with proper treatment."

"Can't it be stopped? Can't you do something for it?"

It took some effort on Dr. Pendleton's part to partially soothe and allay the fears he had of set purpose, excited, but by-and-by he succeeded, by dint of his persuasive tongue, in bringing his aunt to that desirable point



"There is in Your Blood a Substance Called Haemoglobin."

where anxiety concerning results became, to a certain extent, lost sight of in a sense of present importance as a wonderful "case."

That evening Dorla saw the doctor pacing to and fro under the trees outside and went out to question him.

"Are you sure to cure Aunt Penelope?"

"There's no reason to doubt it, Dorla. Dorla! I like that name—so odd and quaint. No one would even imagine what to expect in a girl named Dorla."

She looked at him furtively. He was of the type that melancholy enhances and for the first time, Dorla realized that he was not only distinguished-looking, but handsome.

There was only a brief half hour of this exquisite companionship, for when Dorla rose to go, he did not attempt to detain her. But he knew, as he laid his head upon the pillow that night, that something out of the ordinary had befallen him. He realized that the former desultory chapters of his life had come to an abrupt and sudden close, and its real story had begun.

In the days that followed, when Aunt Penelope began to experience the joys of returning health, Dr. Pendleton's fame, trumpeted by her, went abroad through all that region.

One day, weeks later, when the three were together in the sitting room, and the doctor had pronounced her discharge from treatment, adding that he "must soon be getting back to town," Aunt Penelope cleared her throat preparing to make a bold and daring speech, and screwed her courage to the sticking place as he continued:

"People'll call me 'Ananias' after reading the card on my door that says, 'Back soon.'"

"I suppose no one has read your card," said Dorla with a painstaking frown contracting her brows as she counted the stitches in her wild rose embroidery, between the words.

Dr. Pendleton turned scarlet at this pert little remark. No man wishes to be considered a failure by the woman he loves.

"And their own loss, too," interposed Miss Stannard, soothingly. "Bruce," began she with some little trepidation, "why go back at all? The towns are crowded with doctors of established reputation, who seldom go away and never die. What room is there for you younger fry? Why not settle down here, marry Dorla and all of us live together? There's plenty to support us all."

Up to this time Dr. Pendleton never had had the courage to plead his case, but his aunt's words seemed to inspire him. Then in a few words, with mighty force, he submitted to her his case.

Not until a half-smile touched her face dared he to draw her shrinking figure toward him and lift, to meet his kiss, the blushing face she strove to cover with her hands.

And at supper time everybody—including Aunt Penelope—looked so radiantly blissful that Pomona, whose right name was Aurelia, declared to herself in confidence: "I'll bet a cookey there's something up!"



WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME



MARTIN W. LITTLETON

"More!" Littleton had been selected as chief counsel for Harry K. Thaw. It caused some in New York. While he has been recognized for several years as an able trial lawyer, he has not been prominently identified with the criminal branch of his profession, although he has been many times advised that he could become supreme in that field if he would enter it.

His success since he left his old home in Texas has been almost phenomenal, and it has been due largely to these things—determination, affability of manner, a gift of oratory and conciseness of expression. There are few men in New York who can excel him in making a plea before a jury; there are fewer who can make a more pleasing after-dinner speech; there are few who can equal him in clearly stating a complex proposition; there is none who can excel him in dealing a telling verbal blow at an opportune time. And, added to it all, he is a thorough student of the law. He is an expert at cross-examination, is a fighter for what he thinks is right and he has a forceful way with a jury.

Became Famed as Orator.

Back in his boyhood days in Texas he was known as an orator and storyteller. He could recite all the old fifth reader masterpieces with a fire that stirred the "boys" in the village store, and a short time later, when he was active in politics but not old enough to vote, he could rouse the old timers down in Weatherford to bursts of applause with his oratorical efforts.

It was due to no choice of his own

While he was using up talley candles in his attacks upon Blackstone he realized that it might be helpful to him if he had a short term of schooling in the rudiments. He had never been inside a schoolhouse, although he had received some instruction at home and had picked up a good bit of information on general topics. To carry out his plan he went to Springtown, and there for eight months he did chores and farm work and studied with an old German who numbered among his pupils the children of most of the aristocrats of Parker county.

Entered Attorney's Office.

In the eight months Littleton learned as much as he felt was necessary for the time being. He could do fractions as well as any one; he could parse everything that could be parsed; he could write as fast and as plain as any boy in the county, and he could recite better than any actor who had ever struck Weatherford or any place in that part of Texas. He knew the history of the United States like a book, and he had a pretty good idea of the history of other nations, which in his youthful opinion didn't amount to much anyhow.

Thus equipped, he entered the office of the district attorney of Weatherford county as a clerk and law student. As expressed by a man who knew him in those days, "he fairly ate the law books." He swept through them with lightning speed, and in 1891, at the age of 19, he was admitted to the bar. He was then one of the leading young citizens of the county seat. As soon as he was admitted to

trial courts and was regarded as a "comer" in criminal law.

Involved in "Big" Cases.

In 1899 he was made an assistant district attorney of Kings county, and while serving in that capacity he had charge of some of the most notable cases in the borough across the bridge. He prosecuted "Five Hundred and Twenty Per Cent" Miller and was chief prosecutor in many other prominent cases. And during all this time he was gradually earning a reputation as an orator and after-dinner speaker. He attracted particular attention because he was of a different school from his competitors. He brought east with him a southern charm of manner that invariably made friends for him.

His real debut as an orator came during the campaign of 1900. In the old Academy of Music, in Brooklyn. Known as a man who could make a fair speech, he was put down on the programme as one of the tallenders. Three Democrats of national prominence were scheduled for the chief addresses, and David B. Hill was heralded as the principal attraction. When his turn came Mr. Littleton—then a man of but 28 years—created a sensation from the start. It is no exaggeration to say that he really electrified the audience. His speech was short, clear and to the point, and his eloquence stirred the crowd to storms of applause. Instead of leaving the hall everyone stayed and still others jammed their way in.

Littleton became known outside of Brooklyn after that. It was that effort,

other lawyer who has in recent years been in full charge of a case so important as the Thaw trial, Mr. Littleton will be eagerly watched during his conduct of that trial. His friends say that his experience as a prosecuting attorney in Texas and in Brooklyn will greatly aid him in his fight, and they predict that the pitting of his ability against the cool, unerring methods of District Attorney Jerome will furnish one of the most interesting contests of its kind seen in New York in many years.

It's Chief Use.

"These," said the inventor proudly, "are photographs of the finest aeroplane the world has yet seen."

We studied the remarkable-looking object.

"And how is it supposed to work?" we asked.

"Oh," he rejoined, "it isn't supposed to work at all; but you can see what splendid newspaper and magazine articles it will make."

Mrs. Evans' Claim.

Mrs. Evans, of Richmond-on-Thames, England, claims she is the only woman entitled to wear the Alma, Babalava, and Inkerman medals, permission having been granted on the death of her husband, whom she accompanied through the Crimea. She was often under fire.

Discovered Prehistoric Ruin.

In Spruce canyon, near Cliff palace, Colorado, Prof. E. L. Hewitt has discovered a prehistoric ruin six stories high, one of the finest examples of the cliff dwelling ever found.